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THE MASK OF ANARCHY

Fac-simile of Shelley's Manuscript

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The issue of this book is strictly limited to
five hundred copies

15 For with prompt to meet him came
Clothed in arms like blood & flame,
The hired murderer, who did sing
"Thou art God, & Law, & King."

---

22 When one fled past a Maniac maid,
And her name was Hope, she said:
But she looked more like Despair,
And she cried out in the air:

---

33 And Anarchy, the ghastly birth,
Lay dead earth upon the earth
The Horse of Death tameless as
Fled, & with his hoofs did grind
To dust, the murderers thronged behind

THE

MASK OF ANARCHY

WRITTEN ON THE OCCASION OF

THE MASSACRE AT MANCHESTER

BY

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Fac-simile

OF THE

HOLOGRAPH MANUSCRIPT

WITH AN

Introduction by

H BUXTON FORMAN

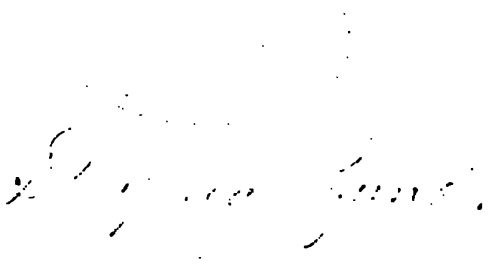
London

PUBLISHED FOR THE SHELLEY SOCIETY

BY REEVES AND TURNER 196 STRAND

1887

18452.77



The following remarks, although written expressly to accompany the present fac-simile of the holograph "Mask of Anarchy," now in the possession of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, have furnished the substance of a paper read before the Shelley Society on the 9th of February 1887, *and of an article printed in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for March* 1887; *but the bearings of the manuscript on the text of the poem are dealt with in the ensuing pages more in detail than in the paper or in the article.*

CONTENTS

PAGE

INTRODUCTION—

I. THE "MANCHESTER MASSACRE," AND WHAT SHELLEY THOUGHT OF IT 1

II. RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS OF "THE MASK OF ANARCHY" 13

III. THE HOLOGRAPH CONSULTED ON MOOT POINTS IN THE TEXT 16

IV. FURTHER DETAILS OF THE HOLOGRAPH 28

V. MRS. SHELLEY'S PORTRAIT-DRAWING IN "THE LAST MAN" 36

VI. A TALK WITH MR. H. M. STANLEY 43

APPENDIX—

MRS. SHELLEY'S LETTER TO BOWRING 51

FAC-SIMILE OF SHELLEY'S MANUSCRIPT 55

FRONTISPIECE

FAC-SIMILE OF THREE STANZAS OF "THE MASK OF ANARCHY" WRITTEN OUT BY MRS. SHELLEY AND REVISED BY SHELLEY.

INTRODUCTION

INTRODUCTION.

I.

THE "MANCHESTER MASSACRE," AND WHAT SHELLEY THOUGHT OF IT.

THE year 1819 was a critical one in the history of reform. Democratic agitation had been rife among the British working classes for some years; monster public gatherings were becoming more and more frequent; and in the summer of 1819 the movement culminated in a huge concourse at Manchester. On the 31st of July an advertisement in *The Manchester Observer* set forth that a meeting would be held on the 9th of August in a large open space called St. Peter's Field, with the view of urging forward parliamentary reform. The magistrates declared that such a meeting would be illegal; and its promoters postponed it while endeavouring to compass

their end in a more formal manner, but eventually held their meeting on the 16th of August 1819, in St. Peter's Field. The people poured into Manchester by thousands from all the surrounding towns, coming peaceably and in order, but for a purpose pronounced to be illegal: it was arranged that the chair should be taken by the noisy demagogue Henry Hunt, best known as Orator Hunt, and not connected in any way with Leigh Hunt.

The authorities at Manchester had made extensive but muddlesome preparations for what they termed the preservation of peace. They had ready for action a large number of special constables, some yeomanry cavalry, and some three hundred hussars; but, although the authorities had ample knowledge and warning of the meeting, they failed to arrange beforehand any definite plan of action. They made no effort to arrest the ring-leaders on their way to St. Peter's Field; and it was not till Hunt was on the platform, surrounded by a densely packed and enormous crowd of peaceable and orderly men, women, and children, that an absurd attempt to take him into custody was made. When the warrant for the apprehension of the reform leaders was handed

to the chief constable for execution, he averred that he should need military aid. To this end some forty of the yeomanry cavalry were despatched to make their way through the crowd,—an obvious impossibility,—and were speedily hemmed in on all hands and stuck fast. They do not appear at first to have done or received serious harm; but, when their mission was found to have failed, a hasty order[1] was given to the three hundred hussars, who were in attendance hard by, to disperse the crowd. They made a vigorous charge, resulting in a terrific scene of confusion and indiscriminate slashing and overturning; and in the end about six people were killed outright, while twenty or thirty were wounded by the sabres of the cavalry, and some fifty or more injured by being trodden under foot and otherwise maltreated.

Such, in a few words, was the Manchester Massacre, as

[1] "'Good God, sir! Do you not see how they are attacking the yeomanry? Disperse the crowd.' On this, the word 'Forward' was instantly given, the trumpet sounded, and the cavalry dashed among the multitude." See *A History of the Thirty Years' Peace*, by Harriet Martineau, 4 volumes, 1877, vol. i, pp. 283-314, for a full account of the whole episode.

Shelley termed it, or, as it is often called, the Peterloo Massacre. When the news of this ugly business reached Shelley at Leghorn, he was beyond measure transported by resentment against the local authorities and the Government. The affair took place during the administration of the Earl of Liverpool, when Lord Eldon was Lord High Chancellor, Viscount Sidmouth Home Secretary, and Lord Castlereagh Foreign Secretary. Lord Sidmouth publicly expressed the satisfaction of the Prince Regent with the "prompt, decisive, and efficient measures for the preservation of the public tranquillity," adopted by the local authorities. Lord Eldon, equally, supported the magistrates; and for the rest, the cup of iniquity both of Castlereagh and of Eldon had long, in Shelley's eyes, been full to overflowing; so that he might well, as the Pageant of Anarchy passed before his eyes in "the visions of poesy," see Murder with a mask like Castlereagh and Fraud with an ermined gown like Lord Eldon's. He may have had reasons outside the words quoted above for identifying Lord Sidmouth with Hypocrisy; but the words are themselves sufficiently untrue and time-serving to make the identification at

east as applicable as that of Lords Castlereagh and Eldon with Murder and Fraud.

It is thus that Mrs. Shelley, in her note on the poems of 1819, describes her husband's feelings on this occasion :—

"Though Shelley's first eager desire to excite his countrymen to resist openly the oppressions existent during 'the good old times' had faded with early youth, still his warmest sympathies were for the people. He was a republican, and loved a democracy. He looked on all human beings as inheriting an equal right to possess the dearest privileges of our nature, the necessaries of life, when fairly earned by labour, and intellectual instruction. His hatred of any despotism, that looked upon the people as not to be consulted or protected from want and ignorance, was intense. He was residing near Leghorn, at Villa Valsovano, writing The Cenci, when the news of the Manchester Massacre reached us: it roused in him violent emotions of indignation and compassion. The great truth that the many, if accordant and resolute, could control the few, as was shown some years after, made him long to teach his injured countrymen how to resist. Inspired by these feelings he wrote the Masque of Anarchy. . . ."

It may be questioned whether the words "writing The Cenci" were meant to be taken literally. Professor Dowden tells us (*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii, p. 279) that, on Sunday the 8th of August, Shelley "brought the first rough draft [of *The Cenci*] to an end," and that during some later days of the same month he was "engaged in copying and correcting the poem."

I have reason to know that the words "first rough draft" are not quoted from any contemporary record, but are of the nature of an interpretation, there being no precise knowledge at present as to the degree of finish which characterized the tragedy as completed by Shelley on the 8th of August. It seems certain, however, that a week later than that it was not absolutely finished; for on the 11th of August he was re-copying some portion of it. On the 15th of August he wrote to Leigh Hunt—[1] "My Prometheus is finished, and I am also on the eve of completing another work, totally different from any thing you might conjecture that I should write; of a more popular kind; and, if any thing of mine could deserve attention, of higher claims."

The work referred to is *The Cenci*; and, as the middle of August is generally accepted as the time of completion, it is not improbable that the 15th was actually the *eve* of the tragedy's birthday. Mrs. Shelley appears to have assisted later in copying; but even of this there seems to be no record later than the 20th of August. Now if the 16th was actually the day on which Shelley

[1] *Prose Works*, vol. iv, p. 115.

put the last finishing touch to his tragedy, as I think we may reasonably assume it to have been in the absence of further evidence, the coincidence was sufficiently remarkable; for that was the very day on which the Manchester magistrates, in the plenitude of their wisdom and forethought for the "public tranquillity," took order for the enactment of the tragedy in St. Peter's Field, which was to provide him with the subject of his next considerable poem. But these, we must recollect, were not the days of Reuter's telegrams, nor did news reach Leghorn from England by post in two or three days. The chances are that Shelley remained ignorant of the massacre till August had given place to September. By the 9th of September he was sending a printed copy of *The Cenci* to Peacock; and there is a letter to Mr. Ollier[1] in which he mentions the indescribable trouble he had with the Italian printer in getting the work through the press at Leghorn. Now this indescribable trouble must certainly have occupied a plurality of weeks, as any one who is familiar with printing processes at their best must be convinced: I do not doubt, therefore, that the business

[1] See *The Shelley Library*, p. 91.

on which the poet was occupied when he heard first of the meeting in St. Peter's Field and its sanguinary results must have been the printing and not the writing of *The Cenci.*

How the indescribable trouble inflicted on him by Signor Masi[1] and his compositors must have shrunk into insignificance when he opened the English newspapers and read of the hideous and sanguinary bungle, it is not difficult to picture to one's thought. Let us look in imagination into that glazed-in loggia at the top of Villa Valsovano,[2] where the summer had seen Shelley at work upon the greatest tragedy produced since Shakespeare's hand left working in that kind: do we not see the same Shelley dividing his time between attention to the indescribable proof-sheets of the said tragedy, damp from printer Masi's office, and boiling over the news contained in the papers from his abandoned country, where a less remote if less poetic tragedy had just been enacted?

[1] Professor Dowden (*Life of Shelley*, vol. ii, p. 279) says that the book was printed at Masi's, adding, however, in a foot-note, "I have no positive evidence that Masi was Shelley's printer, but it seems morally certain that to Masi he would go."

[2] See Mrs. Shelley's note on *The Cenci.*

Whether Masi's mangling of the majestic lines of *The Cenci*, or thoughts of that ghastly rush of cavalry to mangle the limbs of his countrymen, drove him the oftener to the glazed front of his "airy cell,"[1] who shall say? Whether, when driven from his high retreat to rush into Leghorn and make personal representations to the bewildered and bewildering printers, the completed tragedy of medieval Italy or the poem already getting forward on the new tragedy of modern England, was uppermost in his thoughts, who shall guess? But we cannot thrust aside the recurring picture of the poet, starting up once and again with impulsive fingers thrust through his wild locks, stung now by some blunder of the printers in transferring from manuscript to print the unfamiliar language of his fresh great "summer-task,"[2] now by some detail, or imagined detail, of the massacre, to find a momentary relief in gazing down from the study "half way between the town [of Leghorn] and Monte Nero:"[3] from that study he could

[1] Mrs. Shelley's note on *The Cenci*.

[2] "So now my summer-task is ended, Mary."
Laon and Cythna—Dedication.

[3] Mrs. Shelley's note on *The Cenci*.

drink in through the eyes the benign influence of the "near sea" which he loved, and could for a moment calm his vexed spirit with the "wide prospect of fertile country"[1] of the land of his choice.

But we have not to depend on sheer imagination in order to realize the vivid series of impressions kept up in Shelley's mind: not only have we in our hands the admirable poem which he wrote on the impulse of this ugly episode in the history of reform in England, but letters and memoranda are preserved for our guidance. On the 6th of September, when well through his troubles with the Leghorn printers, he wrote a letter[2] to his publisher, Mr. Ollier, announcing his intention to send *The Cenci* for publication, and commenting thus on the Manchester Massacre:—

"The same day that your letter came, came the news of the Manchester work, and the torrent of my indignation has not yet done boiling in my veins. I wait anxiously to hear how the country will express its sense of this bloody, murderous oppression of its destroyers. 'Something must be done. What, yet I know not.'"[3]

---

[1] Mrs. Shelley's note on *The Cenci*.

[2] *Shelley Memorials*, pp. 118-19.

[3] This quotation from *The Cenci* (act iii, scene i, lines 86-7) gives us a glimpse of the way in which the real and literary tragedies were dividing

Three days later he wrote to his good friend Peacock,[1] sending him a copy of *The Cenci* and exhibiting an unabated interest in the Peterloo business:—

"Many thanks for your attention in sending the papers which contain the terrible and important news of Manchester. These are, as it were, the distant thunders of the terrible storm which is approaching. The tyrants here, as in the French Revolution, have first shed blood. May their execrable lessons not be learnt with equal docility! I still think there will be no coming to close quarters until financial affairs bring the oppressors and the oppressed together. Pray let me have the *earliest* political news which you consider of importance at this crisis."

After the lapse of twelve days more, he again addressed Peacock, further concerning *The Cenci*, and (*inter alia*) concerning the massacre:—[2]

"I have received all the papers you sent me, and the *Examiners* regularly, perfumed with muriatic acid.[3] What an infernal business—this of Manchester! What is to be done? Something assuredly.[4] H. Hunt has behaved, I think, with great spirit and coolness in the whole affair."

---

his mind. The "torrent" of his indignation did not, it seems, even give him time to reflect whether Mr. Ollier would understand the words "oppression of its destroyers" as meaning oppression exercised by the persons so characterized.

[1] *Prose Works*, vol. iv, pp. 123-4.

[2] *Ibid.* vol. iv, pp. 124-6.

[3] The result of quarantine operations.

[4] Note the curious way in which the *Cenci* words quoted to Ollier are put in plain prose for the unsympathizing Peacock, the "nursling of the exact and superficial school in poetry."

That the poem seethed in his mind for a continuance of time is also evident from another passage in Mrs. Shelley's note on the poems of 1819:—

"The poem was written for the people, and is therefore in a more popular tone than usual; portions strike as abrupt and unpolished, but many stanzas are all his own. I heard him repeat (and admired) those beginning,—

My Father Time is old and grey,[1]

before I knew to what poem they were to belong. But the most touching passage is that which describes the blessed effects of liberty; they might make a patriot of any man, whose heart was not wholly closed against his humbler fellow-creatures."

In what form the poem was first put into black and white perhaps we may never know; but the chances are that it was jotted down in note-books or on scraps of paper, with pencil or pen as occasion ruled, before being reduced to its finished form. However that may be, it was copied out by Mrs. Shelley, finally revised by Shelley, and despatched to Leigh Hunt for publication in *The Examiner*, before November 1819. It never saw the light till 1832; for Hunt, prudent for once, thought that, if given to the public in 1819, it would have a very different effect from that for which

[1] Presumably from memory. We should read *weak* for *old*.

the poet designed it. When Mrs. Shelley reprinted the poem in her collected editions, dating from 1839 onwards, she included a stanza not given by Hunt; but, so far as the public knew, from that time till 1876, there were no available means of verifying by consultation of manuscripts the readings of either the one version or the other.

II.

RECOVERY OF MANUSCRIPTS OF "THE MASK OF ANARCHY."

In 1876 some Shelley papers preserved by Leigh Hunt came to the surface of the stream of Time which had swamped them; and in the following year, when the third volume of my library edition of Shelley's Poetical Works was issued, *The Mask of Anarchy* was given from the very copy which Mrs. Shelley had written and Shelley had revised with minute and scrupulous care, for Hunt to publish in *The Examiner*.

Certain peculiarities in that manuscript, notably gaps left by Mrs. Shelley and afterwards filled in by Shelley, led me to surmise that the poet had dictated the poem to his wife from rough notes, such as we know he made, in ample measure, of his poetic thoughts. Until the present year (1887) the Hunt manuscript remained the sole known written authority for the text of *The Mask*; and it did not seem very probable that another authority would be discovered. Nevertheless, Shelley's own manuscript of the whole poem, less a few omitted lines, has at length been found, and has blown to the winds my theory of dictation,—the peculiarities being the result, not of hesitant instructions to an amanuensis, but of copying out, as literally as might be, a poem which was practically completed, but required just a few finishing touches.

Of Shelley's holograph manuscript the following pages are a fac-simile: of Mrs. Shelley's copy, revised and filled in by the poet, a fac-simile of three sample stanzas is inserted as a frontispiece to this book.

The recovery of the holograph is a direct result of the Shelley Society's activity. Mr. Frederic S. Ellis,

while carrying on the work of editing and supervising the Shelley Concordance, which my wife began some years ago, and was compelled to abandon, had to appeal through the columns of *The Athenæum* for additions to his phalanx of workers. From communications made to Mr. Ellis in this connexion it transpired that Mrs. Shelley, in 1826, gave the holograph *Mask of Anarchy* to the late Sir John (then Mr.) Bowring, whose son, Mr. Lewin Bowring, C.S.I., placed it temporarily in Mr. Ellis's hands, together with a most interesting letter sent by Mrs. Shelley with her precious gift. This letter, with particulars of the manuscript, was at once communicated by Mr. Ellis to *The Athenæum*;[1] and arrangements were shortly made for the transfer of the manuscript and letter to their present owner, Mr. Thomas J. Wise.

In a small way, the recovery of this manuscript, and its bestowal in the hands of one who will not keep it hidden, have made quite a stir. To Shelley specialists the knowledge that the holograph of another of Shelley's poems is extant and accessible is neces-

[1] January 22, 1887.

sarily gratifying; and the production of a fac-simile of it is an obvious desideratum,—a fac-simile being serviceable both for the purposes of students who desire to know more of Shelley's way of work, and for such collectors as cannot hope to possess originals.

III.

THE HOLOGRAPH CONSULTED ON MOOT POINTS IN THE TEXT.

It may now be well to note the particular reasons, independent of Shelleyolatry and autograph-hunting, for which the recovery of this manuscript was to be desired.

The spelling of the word *Mask* in the title was already settled; for Shelley himself wrote the heading of the Hunt manuscript, and put *Mask*, not *Masque*. He also added the words, "written on the Occasion of the Massacre at Manchester." It is

fortunate that further evidence on these points was not wanted; for the holograph affords none,—the pŏem being entirely without title or heading. But a few textual points remained on which the evidence of the holograph was desirable. For instance, stanza iv opens in the Hunt manuscript with the lines

> "Next came Fraud, and he had on,
> Like Eldon, an ermined gown;"

but Hunt gave the second line thus—

> "Like Lord Eldon, an ermined gown;"

and Mrs. Shelley gave it thus—

> "Like Lord Eldon, an ermine gown;"

as a matter of fact the word *Lord* is in the holograph very faint and small, and written in a peculiar way, above the other words, as if for reconsideration; but, as Shelley deliberately and very decidedly cut it out of the final manuscript, its existence in the other has no present bearing on the text.

Stanza vi has always been a difficult one to me. Why Hypocrisy, appropriately mounted on a crocodile

and bearing the similitude of Viscount Sidmouth, should be

> "Clothed with the Bible, as with light,
> And the shadows of the night,"

I cannot with any security explain. In the Hunt manuscript an asterisk is placed against the first line, and a space is left at the foot of the page, as if for the insertion of a note. It was legitimate to hope that a rough draft of such a note might exist; but the holograph shows no trace whatever of it: indeed the idea of a note would seem to have been an afterthought; for Shelley's manuscript has neither the asterisk nor the space for a note. Perhaps we are meant to understand that the Bible is a mingled web of light and darkness—of high thought and teaching and gross and bloody superstition; and that dogmas and professions from the Hebrew scriptures were the favourite cloak for hypocrisy in those days. It would not be far from the truth; and perhaps the imagery is meant to apply to Hypocrisy at large rather than to the particular hypocrisy of the Home Secretary.

Stanza ix stands thus in the Hunt manuscript—

> "And he wore a kingly crown;
> And in his grasp a sceptre shone;
> On his brow this mark I saw—
> 'I AM GOD, AND KING, AND LAW!'"

Hunt altered the third line to

> "And on his brow this mark I saw—"

and Mrs. Shelley gave the second thus—

> "In his hand a sceptre shone"

which turns out to be the reading of the holograph, though, again, a reading which Shelley rejected in favour of that of the Hunt manuscript, where the line is revised by his own hand.

In stanza xx all editions and the Hunt manuscript give the first couplet thus—

> "For he knew the Palaces
> Of our Kings were nightly his;"

but the late James Thomson ("B.V.") proposed to substitute *rightly* for *nightly*,—a proposal which Mr. Rossetti supported. The holograph confirms this reading; and those who turn to page 5 of the fac-simile

will see how pardonable the error of transcription was. That it was simply a mistake in copying, which Shelley failed to discover, is, I think, certain. If the word he wrote is *rightly*, as it unquestionably is, he cannot have wanted to change it to *nightly*, and so substitute a difficulty for an easy passage.

Mrs. Shelley, in the passage from stanza xiv,

> " Hearing the tempestuous cry
> Of the triumph of Anarchy "—

changed *tempestuous* to *tremendous*; and in stanza xviii, she altered

> " Thou art King, and God, and Lord ;"

to

> " Thou art King, and Law, and Lord,"

while for the expressive line

> " Fumbling with his palsied hands ! "

in stanza xxiii, she substituted

> " Trembling with his palsied hands ! "

Of none of these variations is there any trace in the holograph; and in regard to the last, at all events, I

should think it most likely that *Trembling* was a printer's error left undiscovered: as Mrs. Shelley first *heard* that graphic stanza, and remembered vividly her impression of it, she would scarcely have made so vital a mistake about it.

Again, the lovely line in stanza xxxi,

> "As flowers beneath May's footstep waken,"

has appeared variously with the words *the footstep* (Hunt), and *May's footsteps* (Mrs. Shelley); but the reading of the Hunt manuscript, *May's footstep*, receives such confirmation as it may be thought to have needed from the holograph.

Stanzas xl and xli, which I gave as continuous, without a point at the end of the first, are continuous in Shelley's own manuscript as well as in that prepared for the press.

Perhaps the point of most consequence for consultation of the holograph was the status of the stanza

> "Horses, oxen, have a home,
> When from daily toil they come;
> Household dogs, when the wind roars,
> Find a home within warm doors."

This stanza is in the holograph, but is omitted from the elaborately careful manuscript communicated to Hunt for publication. Mrs. Shelley replaced it between stanzas xlix and l; but I relegated it to the foot-notes, as having been in all probability rejected by Shelley. With the holograph before me, I see no reason for a change of opinion. The two stanzas between which Mrs. Shelley replaced it read thus—

" Birds find rest in narrow nest
When weary of their winged quest;
Beasts find fare in woody[1] lair
When storm and snow are in the air.

" Asses, swine, have litter spread
And with fitting food are fed;
All things have a home but one—
Thou, Oh, Englishman, hast none!"

My reason for thinking Shelley's rejection of this stanza likely and wise is that it carries on the comparison a little too long, and tends to use up or discount the sacred word *home* before it occurs in its real and full significance in juxtaposition with the mention of the homeless Englishman. As the verses now stand the thought passes

[1] In the holograph *rocky* was originally written instead of *woody*.

over the *rest* of birds, the *lair* of beasts, the *litter* of asses and swine, and the *home* that the Englishman lacks. But, with the other stanza inserted, the sequence is mingled —*rest, lair, home, home, litter, home.* The change effected by the omission is one which I should venture to call magical. The bearing of the holograph on the question is not strong. Although the stanzas are numbered from 1 to 74[1] in the manuscript revised for press, they are not numbered in the holograph. Had both copies been numbered, I should have thought it most improbable that Shelley, who was very curious about the numbering of his verses and stanzas, could have revised with such remarkable pains the copy for the press, and yet not found out the omission by the want of correspondence in the numbers. As it is, he seems to have made one of his usual counts at this very point, for at the end of the fifty-first stanza

[1] Stanza 74 in the original and Library editions is 76 in Mrs. Shelley's transcript, the 45th and 50th stanzas being divided, and numbered twice over by accident. Each of those stanzas begins at the foot of a column (there are four columns on a page); and at the top of the next column each of them gets a new number. The stanzas after the 74th are not numbered at all; but the transcript contains ninety-three of them, as the original and Library editions do.

in his copy he has written in the margin the figure 51, whereas that stanza becomes the fiftieth in the final manuscript. I do not lay much stress on this, but note it for what it is worth. For the rest, I am confident that, had he wanted the stanza, he would have missed it, numbers or no numbers; and I can see no ground whatever for restoring it to a place in the text.

Stanza liv (part of the address to Freedom) reads thus in the Hunt manuscript—

> "For the labourer thou art bread,
> And a comely table spread
> From his daily labour come
> To a neat and happy home."

Up to 1877, the last line was printed as

> "In a neat and happy home."

I am inclined to think I should have left it so had I then known that it stands so in the holograph; for here, though technically Shelley passed the word *To* for press, his hand is not traceable in the particular stanza of the final manuscript; and the preposition may have escaped his notice. The fact that lines 2, 3, and 4 are wholly unpunctuated leaves us without help to a decision. The construction is so lax with

either preposition that there is not much to choose; but strictly speaking the better sense would be got from *in*. With *to*, we should have to understand that Freedom is for the labourer, bread and a comely table spread when he returns from work to a neat and happy home. This sense really leaves the neat and happy home outside the attributes of Freedom. With *in*, the sense is that Freedom is, for the labourer, bread and a comely table spread in a neat and happy home, when he returns from his work. This sense involves all the benefits named in the definition of Freedom. On this ground it might be well to revert to the old reading. It is obviously unlikely that Shelley meant to make a trifling change of that kind when detrimental to the sense in however small a degree.

In stanza lviii (continuing the same address) there was something that looked like editorial watering-down:—

> "Thou art Wisdom—Freemen never
> Dream that God will damn for ever"

said the Hunt manuscript; but Hunt printed

> "Freedom never
> Dreams that God will damn for ever"

and Mrs. Shelley, while restoring *Freemen* for *Freedom*, put *doom* for *damn*. The holograph corresponds precisely with the Hunt manuscript, and leaves both editors answerable for their readings.

Stanza lxiii, as revised by Shelley for the press, is

> " Science, Poetry and Thought
> Are thy lamps; they make the lot
> Of the dwellers in a cot
> So serene, they curse it not."

The rhythm of the first line was altered by the insertion of *and* between *Science* and *Poetry* in all editions published before 1877; and Mrs. Shelley, followed by Mr. Rossetti, gave the fourth line as

> " Such they curse their Maker not."

The holograph does not contain the *and*; but it does contain both readings of the fourth line,—the first written boldly, like the rest of the poem, the second written very small and faintly with a different pen, the words *so serene* and *it* being cancelled lightly, as though the matter were yet to be further considered.[1]

[1] Mr. Rossetti says on this point—" I retain the reading of the last line which appears in Mrs. Shelley's editions, instead of—

> ' So serene they curse it not.'

This last quoted line seems to me decidedly weak, and hardly self-

In stanza lxv, Hunt printed the second line as

" Of the fearless, of the free "

though the manuscript from which he published reads

" Of the fearless and the free "

and this preference for a more staccato reading must, I fear, be set down to lax views of an editor's duties. At all events Shelley's manuscript does not do anything to relieve his friend from that imputation; nor was it to be expected that it would.

In stanza lxxiii Mrs. Shelley reads (1839 and onwards)—

" Declare with ne'er said words, that ye
Are, as God has made ye, free "

In the Hunt manuscript she had written the stanza without finishing the third line, which she left thus—

" Declare with "

and the words—

" measured words that ye "

were written in by Shelley in his plainest style.

consistent in its terms: the other line, if rather awkward in diction, is at least sound in sense, and can only, I think, have been set aside to humour the susceptibilities of some person other than Shelley himself." My own view is that the line which Shelley wrote *first*, as far as we have evidence, was the result of his deliberate choice, and that it is far more characteristic than the revised line.

Stanza lxxxviii opens in the Hunt manuscript with the couplet—

> "And the bold, true warriors
> Who have hugged Danger in wars"

but Mrs. Shelley reads *in the wars*, a change for which the holograph, at all events, is not the authority.

IV.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THE HOLOGRAPH.

Having now dealt with the chief points upon which a consultation of the holograph was to be desired, we must proceed to examine the manuscript stanza by stanza to ascertain how it compares in detail with the received text. In the first three stanzas, there is nothing to note, and nothing of consequence occurs in stanza iv, where line 4 is written thus—

> "Turned to millstones as he fell"

he being obviously put by accident for *they*.

In stanza vi there is a cancelled reading, *Clothed in the Bible* for *Clothed with the Bible.*

In stanza vii the fourth line is

"Like Bishops lawyers peers & spies"

not

"Like Bishops, lawyers, peers *or* spies."

But the reading of the holograph was probably meant to be rejected.

In stanza xii there is a cancelled reading of line 2—

"Past thro England proud & gay"

and in stanza xiii line 2 reads

"Past that pageant swift & free"

a reading which I am inclined to think preferable to the authorized reading—

"Past *the* Pageant swift and free."

The first line of stanza xv stands thus—

"For from to meet $\left.\begin{matrix}\text{him}\\\text{them}\end{matrix}\right\}$ came"

them being lightly struck through. To show how conscientiously Mrs. Shelley worked, it may be noted that she left the whole line blank after *For from*, for

Shelley not only to supply the missing word but also to decide between *him* and *them*: he decided for *him*.

The second line of stanza xxiv opens with a *But* cancelled in favour of *And*.

Stanza xxx in the manuscript prepared by Shelley for press reads thus—

> " With step as soft as wind it past
> O'er the heads of men—so fast
> That they knew the presence there,
> And looked,—and all was empty air."

The holograph reads *but* for *and* in the last line; and I am disposed to prefer that reading, although we cannot be certain that the other was a mistake of transcription which Shelley failed to discover.

The fourth line of stanza xxxi begins with *Hopes*, cancelled for *Thoughts*, no doubt because " Hope, that maiden most serene," was not to have her abstract domain invaded by concrete hopes.

Stanza xlv shows a variation in the third line—*from the worth* instead of *of the worth*: the authorized reading is of course the better, and entitled to stand.

Stanza xlvi reads *will* for *wills* in the third line; and I should be inclined to think that reading worthy of a place in the text, notwithstanding Shelley's having passed the other in his wife's copy.

Line 4 of stanza lvii reads in Shelley's copy

"Shieldst alike both high & low"

but in Mrs. Shelley's transcript

"Shield'st alike *the* high and low."

It is possible to contend for *both* as stronger and more emphatic; but it is certainly less accurate. We do not say, "both the cat and the kitten are alike," because there can be no question of one being alike and the other not alike. Mrs. Shelley may have had Shelley by her to be appealed to while she copied the stanza; and I should not consider the claims of the carefully-revised manuscript, prepared for press, as set aside by the holograph in a case of this kind, which is not one of obvious error or indisputable inferiority.[1]

[1] Such a case,—not of obvious error, but of indisputable inferiority,—is to be found in stanza lxxix. See pp. 34-5.

Stanza lxiv stands thus in the holograph, with a cancelled reading—

"Spirit, Patience, Gentleness
All that can adorn & bless
Art thou - - - { let deeds not / how can } words express
Thine exceeding loveliness—"

Mrs. Shelley copied the third line wrongly, putting *lent* for *let*: Shelley corrected it. That peculiar pause in the third line is significant. I have been rallied on making a point of retaining the printed equivalent, three hyphens, upon those rare occasions on which it occurs, as in *Epipsychidion*, lines 138, 394, and 397. Any one who will turn to page 16 of the following fac-simile will be convinced, I should say, that Shelley made use of this broken pause with deliberate intention.

Stanzas lxvi and lxvii stand transposed in the holograph, though Shelley has marked them to come in the proper order. The third line of stanza lxvii was originally

"Where all who live & suffer"

but, before Shelley had completed it by the word *moan*, it was cancelled to become the present line 4.

The most important of the fresh readings is the following complete cancelled stanza :

" From the cities where from caves
Like the dead from putrid graves
Troops of starvelings gliding come
Living Tenants of a tomb "

a stanza which is found between what are the 67th and 68th of the printed version (original and Library editions, —68th and 69th in Mrs. Shelley's and Mr. Rossetti's editions). It gives place to the two fine stanzas

" From the workhouse and the prison
Where pale as corpses newly risen
Women, children, young and old
Groan for pain, and weep for cold—

" From the haunts of daily life
Where is waged the daily strife
With common wants and common cares
Which sows the human heart with tares—"

No one will regret the removal of the old stanza from the text; but it has great interest as a cancelled reading; and it is to be noted that it contains, in itself, two variations, thus—

" Hosts of starvelings gliding come
Tenants of a living tomb."

Line 2 of stanza lxviii shows the rejected reading *spectres* for *corpses.*

The second couplet of stanza lxxii stands thus—

"Your lost country bought & soul
With / For } a price of blood & gold"

but Mrs. Shelley in copying it put the correct word *sold* for *soul.*

Stanza lxxiii originally began with

"Let a vast Assembly be
And declare with "

but the unfinished second line was cancelled for an extension of the sense.

In stanza lxxvii the second line shows the cancelled reading *keen* for *sharp*, and the fourth *sharp* for *keen.* No doubt it struck Shelley that the expression

"Looking sharp, as one for food"

was ambiguous.

Stanza lxxix has hitherto stood thus—

"Stand ye calm and resolute,
Like a forest close and mute,
With folded arms and looks which are
Weapons of an unvanquished war,"

and that *an* in the fourth line certainly looks as if it had no legitimate business there. Sense and rhythm alike would be the better for its absence; and when we find that the holograph reads

"Weapons of unvanquished war"

what can we do but gladly accept the amendment, and assume an undiscovered error of transcription? It may be mentioned that this stanza in the Hunt manuscript is one of four consecutive stanzas, conspicuous for the absence of a single trace of Shelley's pen, employed so liberally in retouching the transcript throughout.

In the third line of stanza lxxxiii the holograph contains another example of Shelley's dotted pause—

"Rest the blood that must ensue . . . ."

In Mrs. Shelley's transcript the final *e* in *ensue* comes right up to the edge of the paper; and a comma below the line is perforce substituted. A third example occurs at the end of line 2, stanza lxxxvii, where the word *stand* comes so close to the edge that Shelley put two dots only.

V.

MRS. SHELLEY'S PORTRAIT-DRAWING IN "THE LAST MAN."

Although the disinterment of Shelley's own manuscript of *The Mask of Anarchy* is clearly a matter of considerable interest for Shelley specialists, still, outside that very small band and the larger band composing the Shelley Society, it will probably be deemed that the net result of the examination of this manuscript is not of high importance. But this is not quite the case with regard to the letter which Mrs. Shelley wrote to Sir John Bowring when she sent him this valuable relic.[1]

I have already had occasion to remark elsewhere[2] upon the interest of the confession which the letter contains of that mysterious feeling as to Shelley's

[1] For Mrs. Shelley's letter, see Appendix.

[2] *Athenæum*, January 29, 1887.

personality resulting from the most intimate proximity to him; and I cannot but think that a confession of this kind, on the part of a person of such strong intelligence and liberal views as characterized the daughter of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, will prove a valuable memorandum for the Shelley biographer of the future in examining several of those curious episodes in the poet's history which have given rise to controversy and to grave doubts. But the important point here is the positive record that, in one of Mrs. Shelley's novels, she had liberated her heart in sketching a portrait of her husband. The letter is dated the 25th of February [1826]; and the latest book published by Shelley's widow at that time was the weird and terrible romance of *The Last Man*.[1] It has long been a familiar thought to me that Adrian Earl of Windsor in *The Last Man* was meant to represent Shelley in point of character; but a confession of that intention was needed to give the literary portrait solid value. Whether my friend Professor Dowden would have made use of the

[1] *The Last Man*. By the Author of *Frankenstein*. In Three Volumes. London: Henry Colburn, New Burlington Street. 1826.

sketch in any way had this evidence turned up in time, I cannot say; but I confess that, if I were engaged on a study of Shelley's character, I should regard this study of the same, which his widow wove into the fabric of *The Last Man*, as a document of real value, though I might not have ventured to appeal to it without the absolute certainty that the author's deliberate intention was to depict Shelley.

The statement that the sketch "pleased some of those who best loved him" is one which we can readily accept as based upon genuine expressions of satisfaction. We should expect to find, if the materials for search existed, statements to that effect from Leigh Hunt and Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Claire Clairmont and Jane Williams; but we must be content for the present to let one only of these four devoted friends of Shelley speak for himself. Professor Dowden tells me that Hogg, in that same year 1826, pronounced the character which Mrs. Shelley had drawn in *The Last Man* to be "most happy and most just."

Beside this portrait of Shelley, *The Last Man* contains other studies after nature. Lord Raymond is certainly

intended to represent Byron in an idealized form; and the character of Perdita is drawn in so intimate and analytical a manner that one cannot doubt there is much in the material for that character that was derived from experience. Any future biographer of Shelley would certainly do well to make a scrupulous examination of the inner life of Perdita as recorded in *The Last Man*, and collate with direct records the various passages that seem to bear upon the life of Shelley and Mary.

Curiously enough, there is one point that links Perdita with the holograph *Mask of Anarchy*. At the back of one of the leaves are a few lines of Italian, which turn out on examination to be a translation from the opening of *Epipsychidion*, that poem which Trelawny declared to have been first composed in Italian, and which embodies a philosophy of divided love, such as cannot in the nature of things have been satisfactory to Shelley's wife. Indeed, I think her inclusion of this wondrous poem (issued anonymously) among the acknowledged works of Shelley was an act of some heroism—an act of stoical justice to his poetic reputation, but characterized by a reserve that is unusual in Mrs. Shelley's treatment

of her husband's works. *Epipsychidion* is the one poem of importance which Mrs. Shelley was not at the pains to comment on, or in any way elucidate; and it is at least remarkable that we should find expressions of Perdita in *The Last Man* combatting the philosophy of divided love.

When Perdita finds out that her husband's allegiance to her is divided, her life is, so to speak, wrecked. She writes him a letter containing the following passage:—[1]

"I loved you—I love you—neither anger nor pride dictates these lines: but a feeling beyond, deeper, and more unalterable than either. My affections are wounded; it is impossible to heal them:—cease then the vain endeavour, if indeed that way your endeavours tend. Forgiveness! Return! Idle words are these! I forgive the pain I endure; but the trodden path cannot be retraced.

"Common affection might have been satisfied with common usages. I believed that you read my heart, and knew its devotion, its unalienable fidelity towards you. I never loved any but you. You came the embodied image of my fondest dreams. The praise of men, power and high aspirations attended your career. Love for you invested the world for me in enchanted light; it was no longer the earth I trod—the earth common mother, yielding only trite and stale repetition of objects and circumstances old and worn out. I lived in a temple glorified by intensest sense of devotion and rapture; I walked, a consecrated being, contemplating only your power, your excellence;

> For O, you stood beside me, like my youth,
> Transformed for me the real to a dream,
> Clothing the palpable and familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn.

[1] Vol. i, pp. 303-6.

"'The bloom has vanished from my life'—there is no morning to this all investing night; no rising to the set-sun of love. In those days the rest of the world was nothing to me: all other men—I never considered nor felt what they were; nor did I look on you as one of them. Separated from them; exalted in my heart; sole possessor of my affections; single object of my hopes, the best half of myself.

"Ah, Raymond, were we not happy? Did the sun shine on any, who could enjoy its light with purer and more intense bliss? It was not—it is not a common infidelity at which I repine. It is the disunion of an whole which may not have parts; it is the carelessness with which you have shaken off the mantle of election with which to me you were invested, and have become one among the many. Dream not to alter this. Is not love a divinity, because it is immortal? Did not I appear sanctified, even to myself, because this love had for its temple my heart? I have gazed on you as you slept, melted even to tears, as the idea filled my mind, that all I possessed lay cradled in those idolized, but mortal lineaments before me. Yet, even then, I have checked thick-coming fears with one thought: I would not fear death, for the emotions that linked us must be immortal.

"And now I do not fear death. I should be well pleased to close my eyes, never more to open them again. And yet I fear it; even as I fear all things; for in any state of being linked by the chain of memory with this, happiness would not return—even in Paradise, I must feel that your love was less enduring than the mortal beatings of my fragile heart, every pulse of which knells audibly,

The funeral note
Of love, deep buried, without resurrection.

No—no—me miserable; for love extinct there is no resurrection!"

The whole letter from which this is taken is a very noble one—at once impassioned and dignified, and on a higher level than I should expect to find in the utterance of one of Mrs. Shelley's characters drawn

from simple imagination. After the letter there is a conversation between Perdita and her brother, in which she says:—[1]

"Do you think that any of your arguments are new to me? or that my own burning wishes and intense anguish have not suggested them all a thousand times, with far more eagerness and subtlety than you can put into them? Lionel, you cannot understand what woman's love is. In days of happiness I have often repeated to myself, with a grateful heart and exulting spirit, all that Raymond sacrificed for me. I was a poor, uneducated, unbefriended, mountain girl, raised from nothingness by him. All that I possessed of the luxuries of life came from him. He gave me an illustrious name and noble station; the world's respect reflected from his own glory: all [t]his joined to his own undying love, inspired me with sensations towards him, akin to those with which we regard the Giver of life. I gave him love only. I devoted myself to him: imperfect creature that I was, I took myself to task, that I might become worthy of him. I watched over my hasty temper, subdued my burning impatience of character, schooled my self-engrossing thoughts, educating myself to the best perfection I might attain, that the fruit of my exertions might be his happiness. I took no merit to myself for this. He deserved it all—all labour, all devotion, all sacrifice; I would have toiled up a scaleless Alp, to pluck a flower that would please him. I was ready to quit you all, my beloved and gifted companions, and to live only with him, for him. I could not do otherwise, even if I had wished; for if we are said to have two souls, he was my better soul, to which the other was a perpetual slave. One only return did he owe me, even fidelity. I earned that; I deserved it. Because I was mountain-bred, unallied to the noble and wealthy, shall he think to repay me by an empty name and station? Let him take them back; without his love they are nothing to me. Their only merit in my eyes was that they were his."

Without looking beyond the mere significance of the

[1] Vol. i, pp. 309-11.

words, I should like to accept that utterance as coming direct from Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley; and I for one should certainly cherish her memory the more warmly for it.

VI.

A TALK WITH MR. H. M. STANLEY ON SHELLEY.

While preparing my notes on the circumstances in which *The Mask of Anarchy* was produced, I have received from a member of the Shelley Society, who was travelling through Italy by the special train service provided for the Indian mails, a most interesting letter, bearing upon Shelley's influence in a manner more appropriate, perhaps, to this particular poem than any other. In the bed below my correspondent in the sleeping-car was Mr. H. M. Stanley, on his way to Emin Bey, very quiet and thoughtful, talking little. He picked up my friend's copy of the Shelley Society's

Report upon its first year's work, just issued, and asked for information about the Society.

"I am afraid," said Mr. Stanley, "I am a poorly-educated man; but Shelley, I take it, wrote for such, not (begging your pardon) for the literary *connoisseurs* who now take him up, patronize, puff, and dissect him."

"Not patronize," said my correspondent, "though perhaps puff. Yet, after all, is not the puff delicate a fair means of spreading good doctrines among good men?"

Mr. Stanley rejoined: "Some lines of Shelley live with me, as some of Leopardi's do with most Italians. He was for freedom, so am I. He had go—he had enthusiasm." Then, after a pause, "You are a funny people, you Shelleyites: you are playing—at a safe distance yourselves, may be—with fire. In spreading Shelley you are indirectly helping to stir up the great Socialist question—the great question of the needs, and wants, and wishes of unhappy men; the one question which bids fair to swamp you all for a bit."

Stanley bade farewell to his car-companion at Brindisi, leaving the impression that he well knew the question of his ever getting back to be a hazardous one, and taking with him by way of solace my friend's copy of the Shelley Society's reprint of *Alastor*.

Such a glimpse as this of the impression produced by Shelley on a man of vigorous mind and strong practical proclivities is more interesting, because far more difficult to obtain, than many pages of accomplished literary judgments. Still, if it be true that the spread of Shelley's influence tends to stir up the socialist question, it is true only in the sense in which the spread of the gospel may be similarly considered. The Nazarene carpenter was far more a typical socialist than Shelley was; and yet we do not throw it in the teeth of the clergy that the doctrines of him whom they profess tend to stir up and force forward the socialist question.

But if this verdict on Shelley's influence be true in any serious and immediate sense, it should be peculiarly applicable to the poem with which we are now particularly concerned,—to *The Mask of Anarchy*,—and to that group of poems written in 1819, with the view of awakening

Englishmen to a sense of their degradation, their needs, their rights, and their powers.

Now let us take one passage from *The Mask of Anarchy*. We might fearlessly take the whole poem, with its ardent advocacy of a bloodless resistance to force and fraud; but one passage will suffice :—

> " Let the laws of your own land,
> Good or ill, between ye stand
> Hand to hand, and foot to foot,
> Arbiters of the dispute,
>
> " The old laws of England—they
> Whose reverend heads with age are grey,
> Children of a wiser day;
> And whose solemn voice must be
> Thine own echo—Liberty!
>
> " On those who first should violate
> Such sacred heralds in their state
> Rest the blood that must ensue,
> And it will not rest on you."

This appeal to the wisdom of English law is not much like the "bed-rock" nonsense of the professional socialist, is it? Well, that is Shelley's way of stirring up the socialist question; and I think we may rest satisfied that Mr. Stanley has carried off the impression of some part of the trappings of Shelley's poetry without

going to the root of what he really meant. Nevertheless it is, as I said before, extremely interesting to learn what impression there is in the mind of such a man concerning Shelley and his teachings.

Again, as to Shelley's poems being written for the half-educated,—if that be true of anything beside *Queen Mab*, it is of *The Mask of Anarchy* and the small political group of 1819. That group is by no means representative: it is a distinctly poor group compared with other work of the period from the same hand; and even the *Mask*,—splendid as it is in many respects,—does not gain, and could not gain, from the violence done to Shelley's native manner and style in the earnest desire to reach the hearts and minds of the struggling proletariat of his own day. Of course in a certain sense the most enlightened of Shelley's readers are only half-educated; and the more enlightened a man is the less will he be likely to lay claim to more than half an education in the widest sense of the word. But here the question is one of comparison; and setting Shelley beside his contemporaries,—say beside Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth,—I should think that about three times as

much education would be required to read Shelley's works with comfort as would be wanted for the like perusal of Byron's, Scott's, and Wordsworth's works together. This admission would probably be taken by the world at large as counting against Shelley and in favour of Byron, Scott, and Wordsworth.

> "Well, if it be so, so it is, you know,
> And if it be so—so be it!"

We who love Shelley and his poetry can afford to take him as he is, and do our best to educate ourselves up to the necessary standard for a full and fruitful intelligence of all he meant and all he was.

H. BUXTON FORMAN.

MARLBOROUGH HILL, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
February 1887.

APPENDIX.

Letter from Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley to John Bowring.

Your note, my dear Friend, is on many accounts gratifying to me—But you must not wonder at my fear of intruding—for I know your time to be so valuable—& being myself a broken branch from the tree of life—a solitary creature—I am tainted by that morbid feeling which I dislike, while I at times yield to it of feeling myself neglected & forgotten—Pardon this last apology—I will never make another to you—trusting to the kind sentiments you express, I [will] be vain enough to believe that you really have a pleasure in now and then hearing from me & being asked to do such kind offices as I have before now solicited from you.

Do not think me capricious if I defer my negociation with Dr. Schinas—it is not I but another female, Fortune, who is guilty of caprice on this occasion—I must wait a little before I can take the lessons I desire.

Do not be afraid of losing the impression you have concerning my lost Shelley by conversing with any one who knew him about him—The mysterious feeling you experience was participated by all his friends, even by me, who was ever with him—or why say *even*;—I felt it more than any other, because by sharing his fortunes, I was more aware than any other of his wondrous excellencies & the strange fate which attended him on all occasions —Romance is tame in comparison with all that we experienced together & the last fatal scene was accompanied by circumstances so strange so inexplicable so full of terrific interest (words are weak

when one speaks of events so near the heart) that you would deem me very superstitious if I were only to narrate simple and incontestible facts to you.—I do not in any degree believe that his being was regulated by the same laws that govern the existence of us common mortals—nor did any one think so who ever knew him. I have endeavoured, but how inadequately, to give some idea of him in my last published book—the sketch has pleased some of those who best loved him—I might have made more of it but there are feelings which one recoils from unveiling to the public eye—I have the greatest pleasure in sending you the writing for which you ask.—

I hope you have not been a sufferer by this commercial turmoil—I am very sorry to hear of the illness of your children—My little boy had the measles in the autumn but is now quite well.

Did I not mention to you that I had a portrait of Shelley—it would encrease your feeling with regard to him—some fine spring morning you will perhaps come and see it when I shall again have the pleasure of seeing you—

I am, My dear Sir,
Most truly yours
MARY SHELLEY.
Kentish Town
25 Feb.[1]

By the bye I have some more MSS. of Shelley's which I think will interest you—Shall I send them to you?—I have also some letters—but these would be to be read by you only—

The longer poem I send was never published—It was called "The Mask of Anarchy"—and written in the first strong feelings excited by the cutting down of the people at Manchester in 1819—

---

[1] Like most of Mrs. Shelley's letters this is undated as to the year. Sir John Bowring added "1826."

FAC-SIMILE OF SHELLEY'S MANUSCRIPT

As I lay asleep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea
And with great power it forth led me
To walk in the Visions of Poesy

Next Murder on the wing —
He had a mask like Castlereagh —
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven Bishops followed him

All gaunt & pale & wan they might
Be in admirable plight
For any low or heavy fare
In hell or purgatory or where
Which from his wide cloak he drew

Next came Fraud she had on
Like to Liberty a counterfeit gown
Bright & glittering so as well

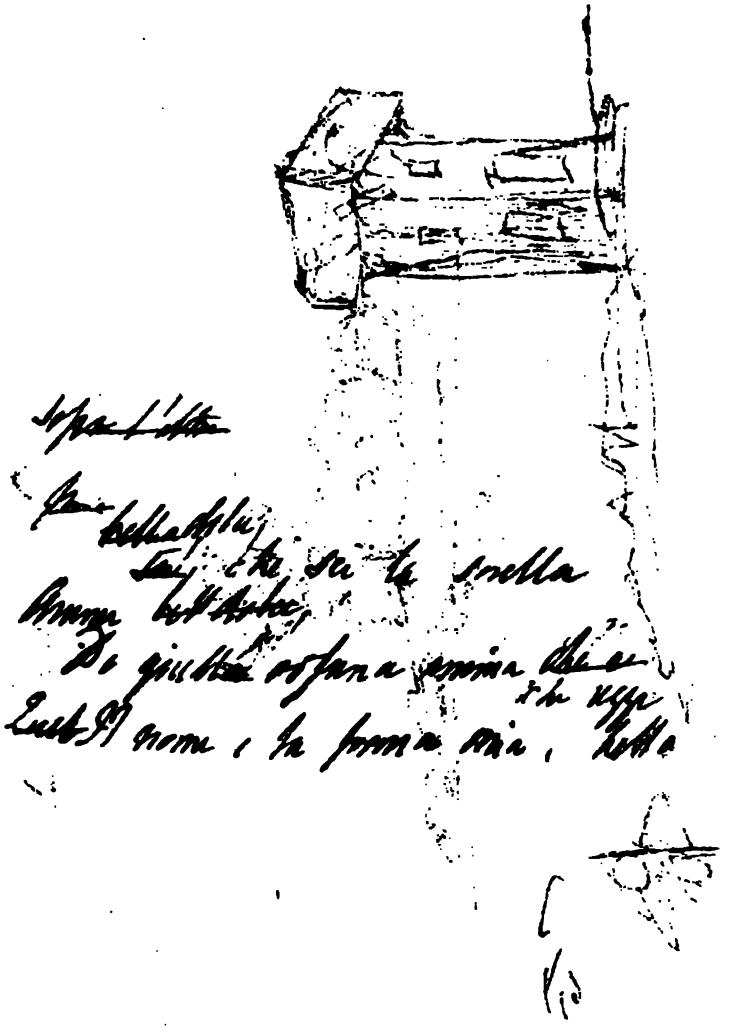
Turned to Christ as he fell
And the little children who
Round his feet played to and fro
Thinking every tear a gem
Had their brains knocked out by him
Clothed with the Bible as with light
And the shadows of the night
Like Sennacherib withdrawing
From a city he could not sack

And many an Assyrian falcon
In that spring morning
All disgraced came to the ground
Like Babylon before the Lord

Last came Anarchy he rode
On a white horse, girded with
He was pale even to the lips
Like Death in the Apocalypse

And he grew kingly even
In his mien as he saw

3 [illegible] in his bow this mark I am
"Sem [illegible] & king & Lord"
with a pace stately & fast
Over England sent he past
Journeying to a mine of blood
The adoring multitude
And a mighty host around
With their helmets glittering round
Waving each a bloody sword
For the cause of their Lord
And with shouts triumphant they
Quaffed the Britons hated clay
Drunk as with intoxication
Of the wine of desolation
Over fields & towns from sea to sea
Passed that pageant swift & free
Tearing up & trampling down
Till they came to London town
And each heathen horse that bore
Slaves who did his will before



4 Hearing the temptations cry
Of the hunted Enemy

For from [illegible] he must them come
Clothed in arms like [illegible]
The blind Murderer, who did sing
"Thou art God & Law & King"

"We have waited black & dim
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our powers are misty, our minds are
Give us glory & God & Gold."

Lawyers & priests a motley crowd
To the earth their foreheads bowed
Stole a base prayer to the King
Whispering — Thou art Law & God.

Then all cried with one accord
Thou art King & God & Lord
Anarchy is Hell on earth
Be thy name made holy now

5

And Anarchy the Skeleton
Armed & gromed to every one
As well as if his odd eather
Had cost ten millions to the Nation

And for to keep the Peace
Of our King how mighty he
Has the Sceptre & Globe
And his gold Minorder ech

Of the sent his Name high
To keep upon the Bank of Eng
And my Lending work intent
To avoid his fearful Judgment

When the first heat, & Mania
And his name was Speculation
But she his own Mistress
And she cried out in the Ear

6

"My Father sinks is weak & grey
Wife wasting for a better day
See how christ-like he stands
Trembling with his pleading hands
He has had child after child
And but the dust of death is piled
Over every one but me —
Misery o Misery."

Thus she lay down with the dead
Night before the house of bread
Looking with a pitiful eye
Murder, Famine & Anarchy

When between her & her foes
A mist, a light, an image rose
Small at first & weak & gray
But it the nearer grew & grew

Fell as drops grown in the West
Like tears congeal'd on Angel's cheek

As I lay as leep in Italy
There came a voice from over the Sea
And with great power it forth did me
I walk in the Visions of Poesy

I met Murder on the way —
He had a mask like Castlereagh.
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven Bloodhounds followed him.

All gaunt & pale & lean & lank
Each one by one & two by two
He stood & from human hearts he drew
Which from his blood cloak he drew

Next came Fraud she had on
Like to Liberty a counterfeit gown
Her key turned for the midnight cell

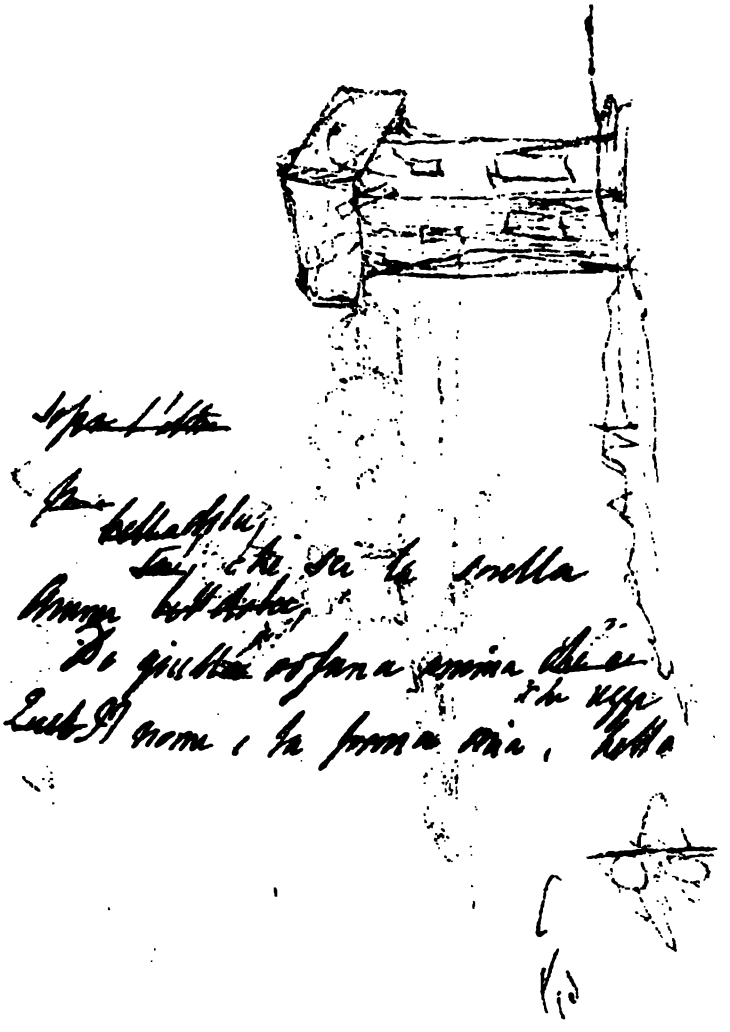
Turned to Millstone as he fell
And the little children stood
Round his feet playing to & fro
Thinking every tear a gem
And his brains blown out his
Clothed with the Bible as with light
And the shadow of his head
Like Sidmouth, kneeling
In a crocodile tears lay

And many an Archbishop say
In the Sheffield manner made
An Bishopric run to the ears
Of the Bishop beneath whose feet he is

Last came Anarchy he rode
On a white horse, splashed with
His wife's over to the life
Of the Duke in the Marshalsea

And he grew bright and
In his own despite

3 [illegible] In his brow the mark I saw
Of Jem ye K[illegible] & King of Law
With a face stately & fast
Over England he past
Journying to a mine of blood
His adoring multitude
And a mighty host around
With their helms glitt'ring on the ground
Having each a bloody sword
For the cause of their Lord
And with shouts triumphing they
Quaff'd in the Britons blood & say
Drink as with wine of desolation
The wine of devastation
For fifty & seven years now he'd been
Prest that flagrant guilt to fill
Tearing up & trampling down
Till they came to London town
And each English parish church
Left his Lord with tears & sighs



4 Hearing the tempestuous cry
Of the humble & Meek

For Jesus is must shortly come
To this wicked sinful World
The blind Murderers who did sing
"Thou art God & Law & King"

"We have waited Night & Morn
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our hands are ready, our hearts are
Join us glory & Honor & Praise"

Lawyers & priests a motley crowd
To the earth their foreheads bowed
All the servants of Mammon bow
Whispering "Thou art Law & God"

Then all cried with one accord
"Thou art King & God & Lord
Anarchy to Hell be hurled
By the arm made flesh & world"

And Anarchy the Skeleton
Bowed & grinned to every one
As well as if his wife certain
Had cost ten millions to the Nation

For he kept the Rolands
Of our kings how right royally
He the eighth Henry did delight
And the gold Unicorn and

As he sent his Arms bespoke
To stay upon the Bank V. Em
And my friending with intent
To avoid his funeral Pudicum

When the first Lord a Mayor
And his home was high and mighty
But she had a cousin Elizabeth
And she came out in the end

6

"My Father Time is weak & grey
With waiting for a better day
See how about-like he stands
Trembling with his feeble hands
He has had cross & crosses sad
And Sick the dust of death is shed
Over every one but me —
Misery o Misery."

Thus she lay down pitiful sight
Right before the horses feet
Sighing with a pitiful sigh
Which drew, Tears & Sorrow

25 When between her & her foes
A mist & light the Virgin rose
Small & white neck & pray
Like the vestment of a Fay

Till at length grown to Vast
Like tower'd Giants pinnacles

And glow with lightning as they
And speak in thunder to the

Agen— a shape emerged in mad
Bright like the Pleiad rod
And uplorne on wings white gra
Was as the light of morning trem
In its robe sept for adva
A bleat like the storm's hy
And from whence it light rain
Like a shower of crimson blo

Fitte Sth no soft as wind it hove
In the hadyman— so fel
Left thy spirit the prison-bou
And freed— but all was mute

So Ameri[illegible] stood shuddering
As stars are lighted from heav
By wand'ring night clouds shake
Each [illegible] shrieks when [illegible]

A

[illegible] the Jonathan on Chiltern
Lodge — and ankle-deep in the
high Hill snow on most nearer
the walking with a quiet mind
And all was only the ghastly brink
Lay dead earth upon the earth

A sunken light of stone-clad Hills
Beside the evening & yet tender
hyacinth & fell — and at the close
There was [illegible] & peace more

[illegible] his Own indignant Earth
[illegible] gave the sober Singer drink
And felt [illegible] Hill upon him
And shuddering with a
[illegible] strange

[illegible] fell

It is work & hunger make them
do that keeps life from day to day
In grim display, & make
For the tyrant ease to dwell
In halls
So that for them no more
Loom & shuttle & sword & spade
With or without you may not sell but
In blindness & nakedness
Or let your children weep
Breadless from your fainting breast
When the winter winds are bleak
They are dying while I speak

It is hunger for such diet
As the cold air in its cruel
Casts for the frost days that lie
Sparkling beneath the eye

It is lack that keeps God
Pale from the cradle & marks his

5

And Anarchy the Skeleton
Bowed & grinned to every one
As well as if his odd carcass
Had cost the millions of the Bank

For he knew the Palace
Of our king was nightly his
His the sculptured & gilt
And his gold mirrored halls

As he sent his slaves hence
To seize upon the Bank & Tower
And mint forthwith with intent
To oust his funeral Pageant

When one fit feast, a Magnificent
And his name was heard over many
But she was come to London
And she was not in the

1

6

"My Father sees is weak & grey
With waiting for a better day
See how idiot-like he stands
Trembling with his pitiful hands
He has had cross after cross
And but the dust of death is piled
Over every one but me—
Misery o Misery me!"

Thus she lay down with the steel
Bright before the horse feet
Looking with a pitiful eye
Murder, Fraud & Anarchy

When between her & her foes
A mist & light the Urizen rose
Smiting his breast with a groan
Like the voice of a drowning man

Till in clouds gloomy & Red
Like blood came down Enitharmon

7 And glare with lightnings as the sky
And speak in thunder to the ear

Again — a shape emerges in mail
Brighter than the eyes can see
And whereso'er its light doth fall
Wounds are there dealt by unseen hands
And on the ground lies one dead
A sword like the storm's fury
And from whence it might come
Like a shower of crimson rain

Fifth sky no sooner is wind it here
In the night's arms — so fell
That they split the heavens and
And rose — but all was quiet

30 As silent ground Man stretched
And stars in their light form hair
As waves aisle when sea shakes
Clothes sunlight always wears

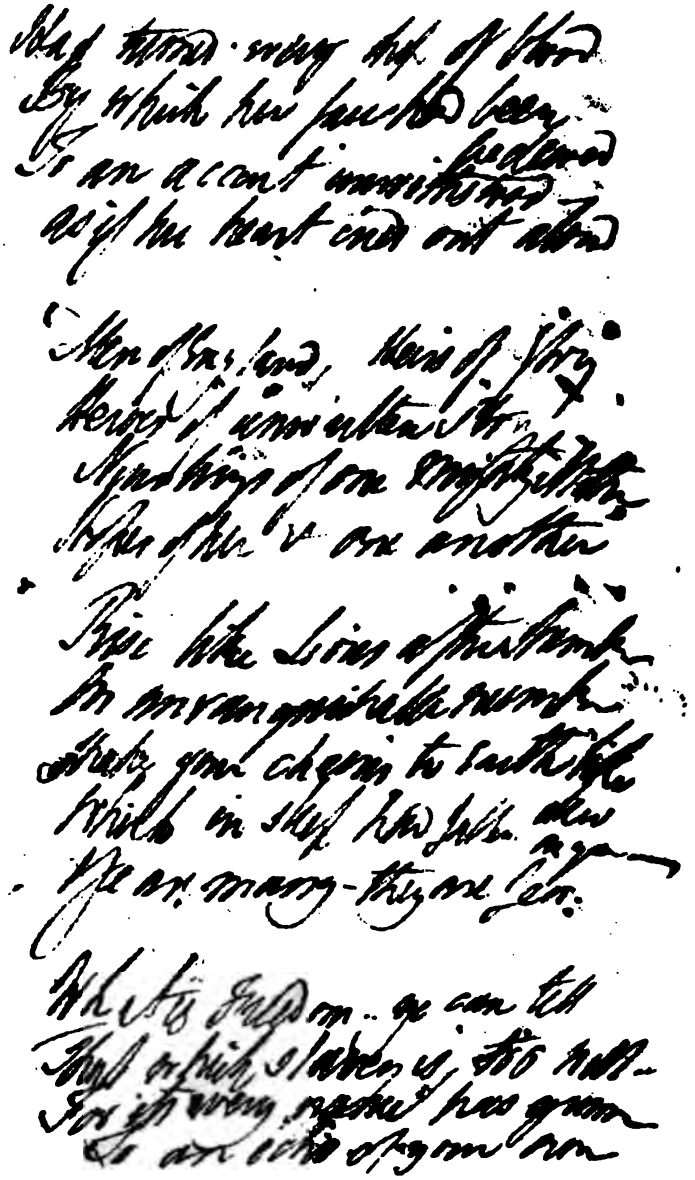
A

Since the Spirit of Christ
dwells — and ambles-dwells in the
Light that shines on most dearer
Has walking with a quiet mind
And strongly the ghastly wink
Lay dead earth upon the earth

A curtain dipped in clouds of fleece
Rosie pavilioning & yet tender
Hyperion & fellow-comforter there
Here with fiery & fearful

Coif of Thine Own indignant Earth
Behold Gaze the door of Sorrow-dirk
Eld felt Thine Wrath upon her
And shuddering with a
Mother three

Yet Dirk



It is work & hard work
But just keeps life from day to day
For your children, you see well
For the tyrants like to dwell
So hurry for there we made
Room & board & lord & slave
With a million more you will have
To mindless & mainstream
Oh it's for your children dear
Bright stars are the finest year
When the winter winds are black
They are dying what a shame

It is hunger for such diet
The rich get richer in the quiet
Cash is for just days that lie
Suffering beneath the sky

It is all the Christ God
Fake form it a modern hell

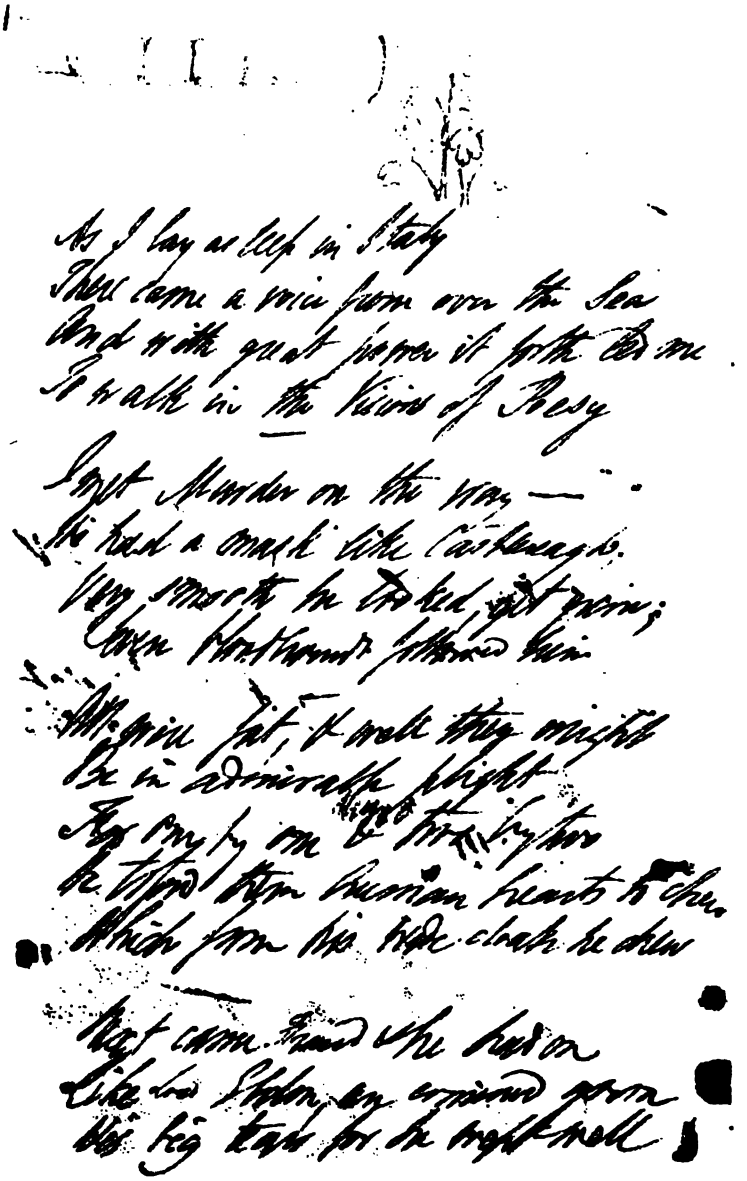
12 Lady fine dst, for manors cust
when many often unjust
Beasts fill fare, in dirty lane
with storm & rain mire

Horses, oxen kept a horse
often from daily toil they come
do not fast Dogs, when they run
find a hare within them down

Apes, swine have bitter spleen
Bird with feathers fair is seen
All things how a home but one
5/ John o Inglishman hath one

This is slavery – savage men
or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as we do –
But such ills they quiet know

Learned by frequent observation & thought



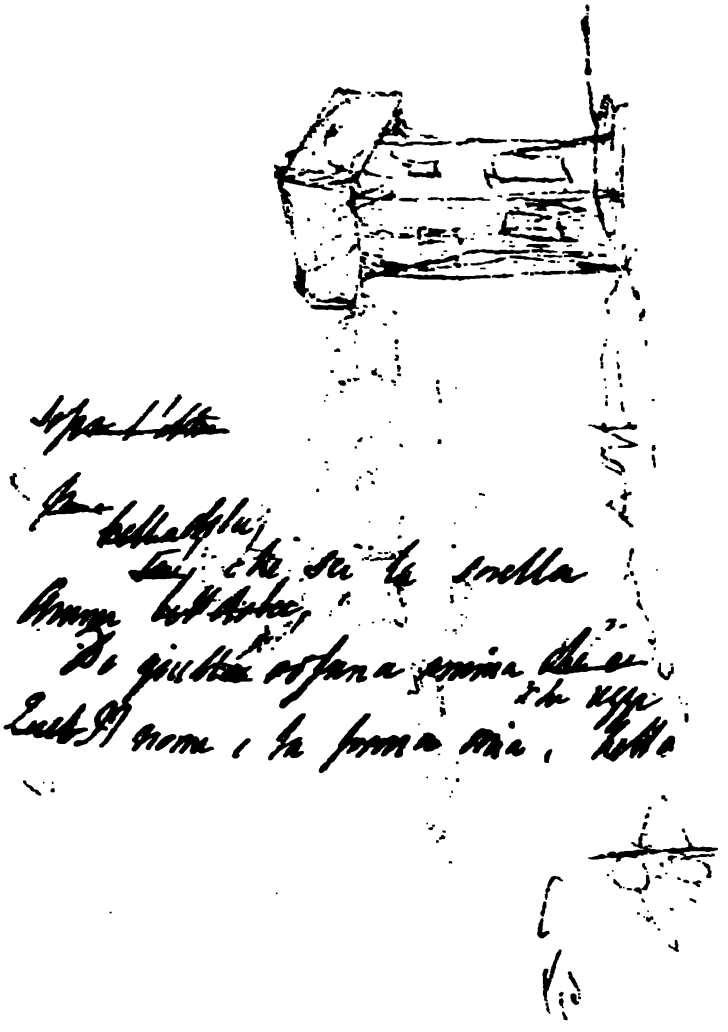
Turned to mild tears as he fell
And the little children who
Around his feet played to and fro
Shrinking away their young
Hearts with terror altered and hushed
Clothed with the pity as with light
And the shadow of the Angel
Like Sidmouth, but lowering
In a cold white robe of

And many our Deliverers slept
In their ghastly encampments
All disguised even to the eyes
Like Bishops upon days of pie

Last came Anarchy. He rode
On a white horse, splashed with
His master's eyes to the life
Like Death in the Apocalypse

And he grew high and
In his hand a bloody

3 Rise Sir Bevis bow the marke I am
Sent for by King Athelstan
With a hart stately & stout
Over England land he goes
Journying to a mine of gold
He adoring manfully
And a mighty host amain
With him Hew pikes should the ground
Having each a bloody sword
For the service of their Lord
And with stern triumph they
Lockside the Britons hard by
Drunk as with wine of desolation
Cor Jesu je t'aime from sea to sea
Bis That Gregent swift of foot
Racing up & rampaging down
Till they came to London town
And sent tydes [illegible]
Of his deed with terrors [illegible]



4 Hearing the tempestuous cry
Of the human sea of misery

From [illegible] must [illegible] come
Clothed in arms like [illegible] Heaven
The fiercer Murderer who did sing
"Thou art God & Law & King"

"We have waited thee & long
For thy coming, Mighty One!
Our purple sin makes rust the sword
Give us glory & Rank & gold."

Lawyers & priests a motley crowd
To the earth their fabrics bowed
And the meek nations trembling stood
Whispering — Thou art Law & God

Then all cried with one accord
Thou art King & God & Lord
Anarchy is dead be now
Be thy name made holy now

1

And Anarchy the Celestin
Bound & commited to every man
As well as if his odd cattle
Had cost the millions of the Gotts

And he keepe the Palace
Of our kings how nightly he
Sits the scepter & globe
And the gold imbroder ede

Of his sent his Armes high
To reign upon the Bank & Ex-
And may proceeding with intent
To crust his funeral Pudicum

When the first part, a Mania
And the Rome was
But she hath
And she cried out in the air

6 "My little Love is weak & grey
With waiting for a better day
See how athirst like he stands
Trembling with his feeble hands
He has had Chills & fevers sharp
And Sent the dust of death to parch
Over every one but me —
Misery o Misery —"

Thus she lay down pitiful sight
Right before the horses feet
Looking with a pitiful eye
Under low, Frown'd & Frowning
When between her & her foes
A mist, a light, an Angel rose
Smooth as Monumental Marble mild
Like the Moon rising o'er the sea
Still as Chaos ere the Lord
Bade the Waves contend & roar

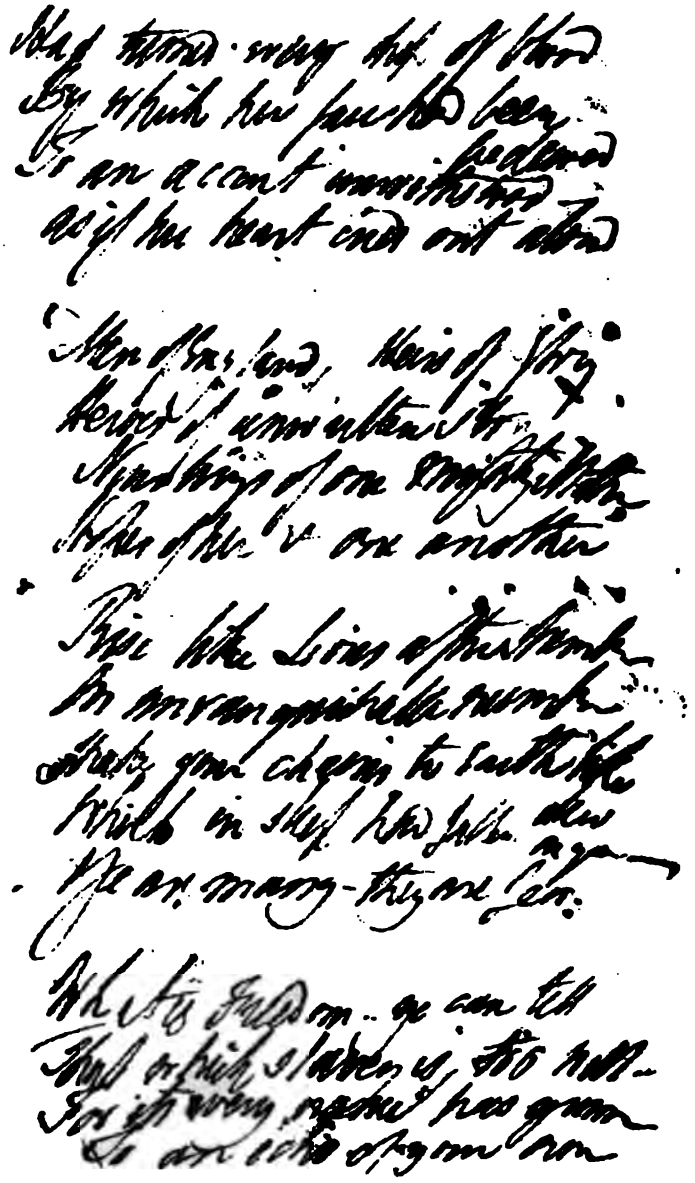
7 And there were lightnings and thunderings
and voices and a thick cloud upon the mount
and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud
so that all the people that was in the camp
trembled. And Moses brought forth the people
out of the camp to meet God and they stood
at the nether part of the mount. And mount
Sinai was altogether on a smoke because the
Lord descended upon it in fire and the smoke
thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace
and the whole mount quaked greatly. And
when the voice of the trumpet sounded long
and waxed louder and louder Moses spake
and God answered him by a voice. And the
Lord came down upon mount Sinai on the
top of the mount and the Lord called Moses
up to the top of the mount and Moses went
up. And the Lord said unto Moses go down
charge the people lest they break through
unto the Lord to gaze and many of them
perish. And let the priests also which come
near to the Lord sanctify themselves lest
the Lord break forth upon them. And
Moses said unto the Lord the people cannot
come up to mount Sinai for thou charge
us saying set bounds about the mount and
sanctify it. And the Lord said unto him
away get thee down and thou shalt come
up thou and Aaron with thee but let not
the priests and the people break through
to come up unto the Lord lest he break
forth upon them. So Moses went down
unto the people and spake unto them.

A

Wind the Spirit of our Christs
Crosse — and ankle-deep in Blood
Hope that could on most scorne
Was walking in like a quiet man
And Among the ghastly Corpse
Lay dead earth upon the earth

A sunken light of stranded Stars
Resent an evening of yet tender
Hope dead & felt — and at the door
There was Joy & fear more

Or if this Sun in Signed Earth
Should gaze the Sons of Singe with
Hell felt this Word upon her lips
And shuddering with a
Smitten three



It is work & here such they
do first keeps life from day to day
In grim distress, grim want
For the hypocrite ape to decoy
So that ye for them are made
Lame & blind & sore & sick
With or without you would have
To minister & nourishment
Oh to see your children weak
With their mothers pining sick
When the bitter winds are blowing
They are dying while I speak
It is hunger for such diet
To the aged sire is due
Cast to the sick dog that he
Suffering lingers out his age
It is at the Christ of God
Take form & a thousand fold

11
Mat. 16.
Mat. When ye see the south wind
blow ye say there will be heat
and it falleth out so. Hypocrites
ye can discern the face of the
skie and of the earth but how
is it that ye discern not this
time? Why even of yourselves
judge ye not what is right?
When thou goest with thine adversary
to the ruler, as thou art in the way give
diligence that thou mayest be delivered
from him, lest he hale thee unto the judge
and the judge deliver thee to the officer
and the officer cast thee into prison.
I tell thee thou shalt not depart thence
till thou have paid the very last mite.
Behold I send you forth as sheep in the
midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as
serpents and harmless as doves.
Beware of men, for they will deliver you
up to the councils and they will scourge
you in their synagogues. And ye shall be
brought before rulers and kings for my
sake for a testimony against them and
the Gentiles. But when they lead you
and deliver you up take no thought
beforehand what ye shall speak neither
do ye premeditate but whatsoever shall
be given you in that hour that speak ye
for it is not ye that speak but the
holy ghost. And the brother shall
deliver up the brother to death and the
father the child and the children shall
rise up against their parents and cause
them to be put to death. And ye shall
be hated of all men for my name's sake
but he that endureth to the end the
same shall be saved. But when they
persecute you in this city flee ye into
another. For verily I say unto you
ye shall not have gone over the cities
of Israel till the son of man be come.

12 1

Lady fond dog, for manors wait
when many other mingled guest
Beasts find here, in many Love
When storm & rain Mountain

Horses, oxen have a home
When from daily toil they come
Dogs not Dogs, when they have
Bird a home within them down

Ayes, swine have litter spread
And with fattening food in fed
All things have a home but one
5/ Poor Englishman have none

This is slavery — savage men
Or wild beasts within a den
Would endure not as we do —
But such ills they never knew

Summoned by Grant of Commissioners

14

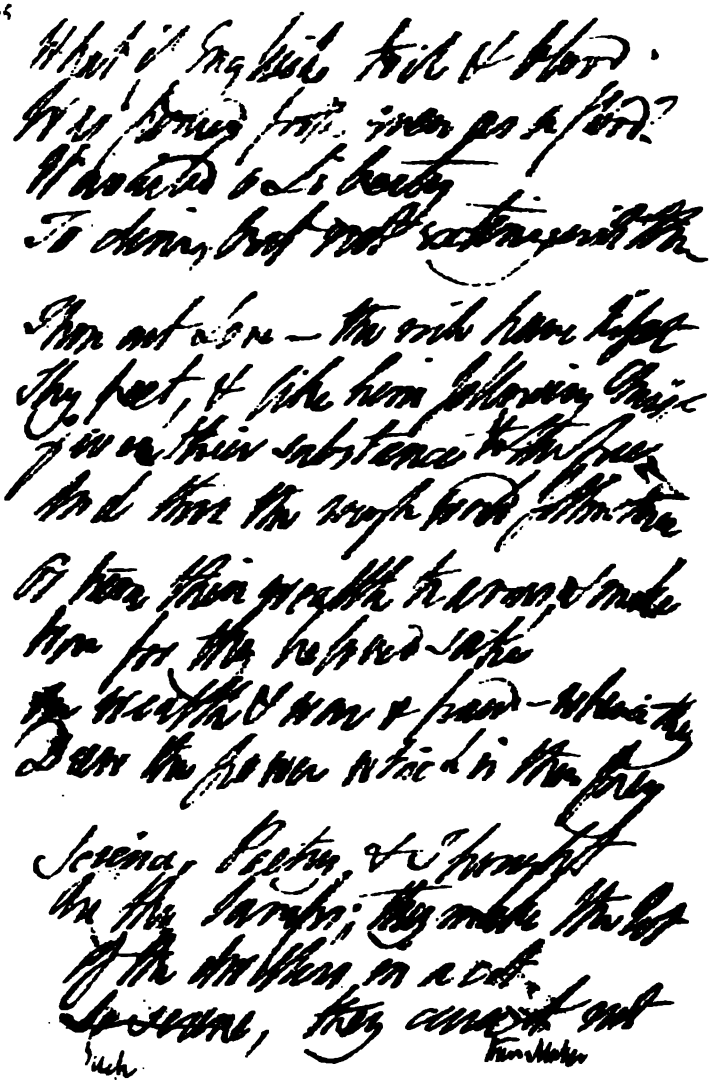
If the sick man art a chizek.
When his feet is in the sheet
& his victuals don't eat
That he feels after a snake

Thou art justice — and for God
May thy righteous laws be said
All laws are in England — after
The last alike with high & low

Thou art wise dom. Heaven save
Queen that so will from perish
All who think true things untrue
If truth Priests make lack a do.

Thou art Peace — never thy face
So shady Heaven smiles be
Of tyrants wanted them or hemself
Keeps it quench thy flame yet

Saint



16 Spirit, Patience, Gentleness
All that can adorn & exalt
Life. Let nothing more be seen
Than wrestling love and praise —

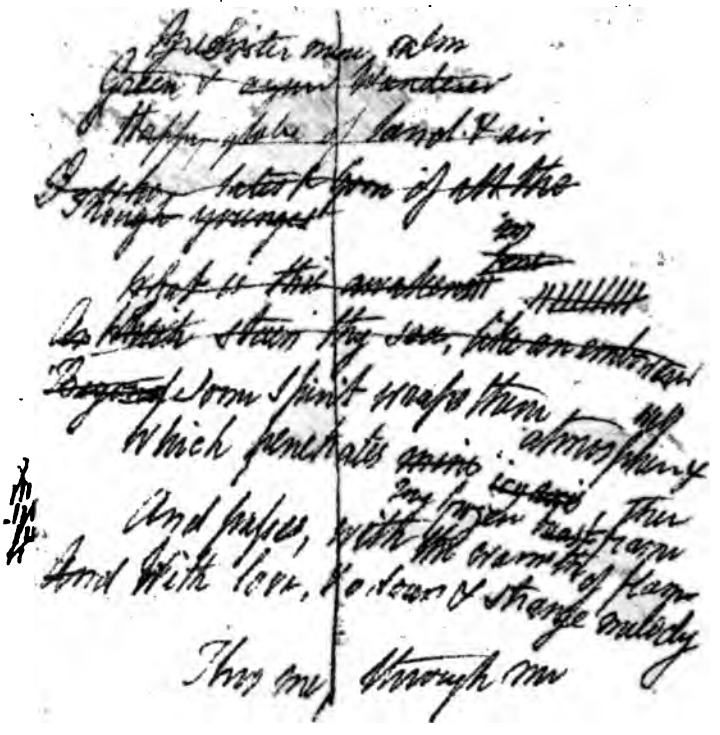
Let a great Moment be
When Jesus & the Fire
Burn the Dross off & pick gems
When the Heavn. Earth Wind. mov

2

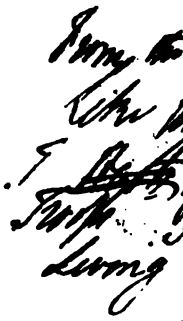
From the corners uttermost
Of the Earth, of English coast
Where all rude Cries & Lusts
From every hut Village & Town
Where Men live & suffer more
For other misery or their own

Let the blue sky receive
The green earth on whose face lies
All that must change & be
Wither for ever & annihilate

6



17



From the Workhouse & the prison
where such as [illegible] only risen
Women children, young & old
Groan for pain & weep for cold—

From the haunts of drunk & lust
Where in vaults the dirty thief
With common beauty & common cunning
Which sour the human heart with loathing

Lastly from the palaces
Where the mirror of delights
Glitters like the distant storm
Of a fiery alpine mound

Those prison-bolts of wealth &
Which some few full meek souls within
Imagine make them sweet within the sight.
As most make them bitter with hate.

18

He who hath been once called
To sit or to behold
Your lost county knights & lords
In their own loss of life & goods

Let a next Assembly be
Called without delay
And with quick decision
Decree what means may be used that ye
May, as God has made ye, free—

Be your strong & simple words
Like a mighty earthquake heard
And wide as voices let them be
With their shake it over ye

Let the tyrant from his throne
Hear a quick & startling sound
Like the screaming of a sea
Tossed & vexed in Hades drown

Let the change with long dismay
Fill the dead air seem alive
Like the clash of clanging steel

19 And the stamp of horses heels

Let the flood hem me
Gleam with blue devices at rest
Its bright point in English blood -
Are they shaft hem, arm by arm

Let the Normans scimitars
Wheel & flash like lightning stars
Hissing to eclipse the burning
In a sea of death & mourning

Stand ye calm & resolute
Like a forest close and mute
With its thorns & boughs & bole wholeme
Keepers of unconquered law

Until the Gaul who ruffled
The green garrison of steel
Dies, a discrowned shade
Through your shelving undergrowth

Let the laws of your own land
Spoil & slay, & while ye stand

20

Shall it have? Yet let it fall
Unbidden upon the waste

Oh Queen of England — thy
whom crowned heads with age on you
Children of a great abbey;
And whose crown must be
Your own echo — Liberty!

On thou the first shrub violet
Such scarce perceptible in the stalk
Yet the latter fruit must come....
And it will not wait too long

And if thou thy hands draw
Let them ride among you thou
Mark & state & mien of kaw —
Whether they like. Must let them do.

With folded arms, & steady eyes
And lips, fair Liberty smiling
Look upon them & they slay
Till thou yoke has other away

Then they with whom with shame
I to the place from which they came
And first should then she will speak
In hot blushes on their cheek

Every woman in the land
With spirit of them, as they stand..
They will hardly dare to greet
Their acquaintance in the street

And the proud, haughty women
Who have hugged themselves in wonton
With them & those who would be free
Ashamed of such base company

And that shameful, vile Nation
Shall stand with like brazen
Stagnant, macabre
A solemn head after

And their words shall stun them
Like shakespeare thundered from
Jerusalem then each their other

2 Heard it all again, again
but like a wise Athenian
he was going to hold himself
back for a chance to confute the
whole in the first person or ge-
neral manner — they were —

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1887

14

Is the sick thou art a check.
When his foot is on the neck
Of his victim, thou dost make
That he feels upon a snake.

Thou art justice — ever by
Thy right throne laws lie dead
Like laws in England — thou
Shieldst alike with high & low

Thy mantle Wisdom. Thieves may
Deem that God will keep from prey
All who think true things and do
If truth's price make pack & do.

Thou art Peace — never thy throne
Is shook by storm or trouble
Tyrants may assail thee, in vain all
Layest to quench thy flame in

Gaul

What if English Kill the Hart
With Bows and Arrows as they use?
Where is the Law
To deny that with Engines

Men may take — We will have Liberty
by Act, & like them following Chase
Give on their substance with Guns
And then the wounded Hart the
Of them shall make Crown, make
Him for the Head-dish
The Heads of Men & Beasts alike
Deer the Game which in the City

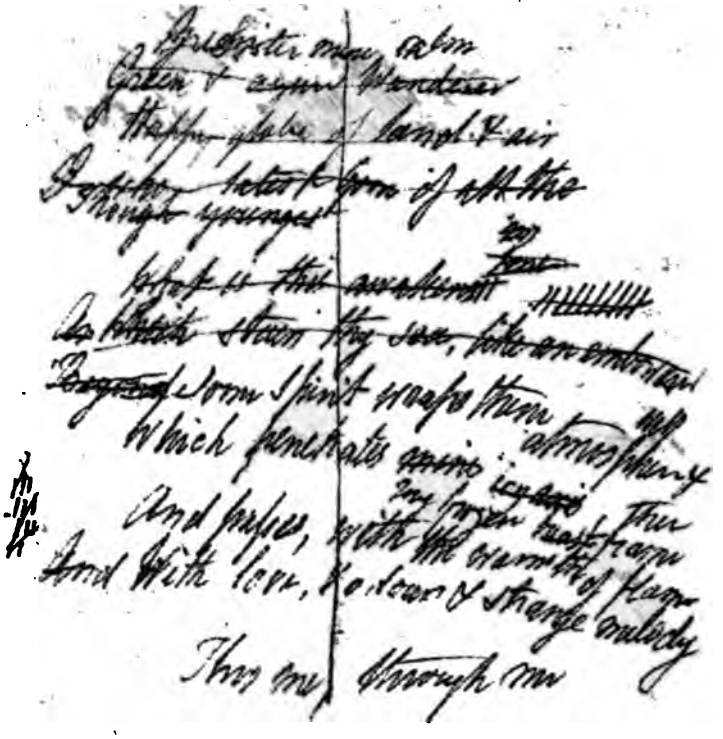
Scenes, Poets, & Trumpets
Are the Sports they make the best
Of the Nation in a Day
Because, they cannot such
Such
Turn Makers

16 Spirit, Patience, Gentleness
All that can adorn & ennoble
but he[illegible] nigh not
Thine exceeding love to us—

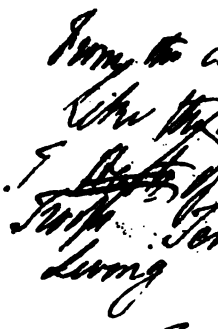
Let all great Nations be
One Family & the Fear
Of Him that dwelleth with us
Where the flaming Fifth Wind runs

2
From the corner uttermost
Of the Islands of English coast
Where all rude Cries & Sufferings
From every hut Village & Town
Where Men live & Women weep
For other misery or their own

Let the blue sky overhead
The green earth on which we tread
All that must eternal be
Witness for Christianity



17



From the cities smoke from caves
Like the cities from pyramids graves
Of travellers & fishing canoe
Such Tenants of a [illegible] pond
during

From the workhouse & the prison
where pale as corpses gone by risen
Women children, young & old
Groan for pain & weep for cold—

From the haunts of drunk & lust
Where in vaults the dirty thief
With common wealth & common cunning
Which sins the human heart with loving

Lastly from the palaces
Where the mitred Prelate sees
Thro' the distant storm of tears
A world alive around

These prison-halls of wealth & woe
Where some few feel such pain to know
Imagine not a curse so bad
As must make them be what they made.

R

Ye who suffer woes unlike
Or to feel or to behold
Your lost country bought & sold
Tear with a flow of blood & gore

Let a sect whose every lie
Wd disdain within
And with quick abomination
Loathe with pious words not deeds that ye
Are, a fitter hour invite ye, fitter—

Ye your stirring & simple words
Like a winged archangel's sword
Big wide as tongues of fire on
With them shake it over ye

Let the tyrant from whose
Filthy & quick & stuttering mind
Like the hovering of a sea
Troops of worried Lemurlings

Let the change with long dismay
See the dead air seems alive
With the clash of changing wills

19 And the temple of heaven shall

Let the flood hereupon
Gleam with blue steel and fire
The bright spirit in English blood
Drinking slaughter, as the sea
Let the horsemen's scimitars
Wheel & flash like sheaves of stars
Descending to reap the burning
In a sea of death & mourning

Stand ye calm & resolute
Like a forest close and mute
With folded arms & looks which are
Weapons of unconquerable war

And let fierce Famine be
Your noble sword & shield
Secure & hungry ye shall stand
Through your shadows endless
Let the corpses of your dead
Pave the earth on which ye stand

Stand to and hold your forfeited
Arbitrem of the Ghastly

The Banners of England — they
Whom arrow'd Reason with age we give
Children of a grim Battle
And whose Sabres rise must be
Their own ecbo — Liberty!

On thou in the first Strife to Victory
Such scared Heights in thine Star
Fight for Us Wives that must come....
And it will not cost in vain

And if thou the Tyrants dare
Let them ride among you there
Slash & stab & main & hew —
What they like that will them do.

Like fierce storm, & thunder cry
And like fire do your duty
Let your flag
Till thou vict[illegible]

21

Then they with whom with shame
In the place from which they came
And for blood then shall wash
Be hot flushes on their cheeks

Every woman in the land
With fruit of them, as they stand..
Shall with handy dandy of great
Their acquaintance in the street

And the strength, full women
Who have begged dumps in mans-
Silk hose & those who would be
Ashamed of such bare company

And, that slumpets, & the Matin
Shall stem with like hysteria
Stomach, macular,
& foetus head ofar

And then rods shall strike them
Like chastening thunderbolt
Punishing them each heathen

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